Idbraim duit, a Athair

Besom for Strawpeople.

The wandering poets, no longer supported by Irish ruling families, in lamenting the passing of their patrons looked forward intheir "vision poetry" to the day when Ireland would rise up again.

The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher,1957

The Avenger shall lead us right on to the foe ;

Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should blow ;

Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,

When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were riven

THE AVENGER. By J.J. Callanan

Dá bfeacin se'n la sin bo seásta bfeic m'intin

"The Church has a duty to be a prophetic voice in society, speaking truth to power and advocating for justice."

Blessed Fr. Alexander Schmemann

Imcallam in da Thurad, The Colloquy of the Two Sages, from the Book of Leinster, translated by Whitley Stokes
SAID FERCHERTNE 19. A question, O instructing lad, whence hast thou come?

NÉDE ANSWERED 20. [Ní hansa] From the heel of a sage, 21. from a confluence of wisdom, 22. from perfections of goodness, 23. from brightness of sunrise, 24. from the hazels of poetic art, 25. from circuits of splendour, 26. out of which they measure truth according to excellences, 27. in which righteousness is taught, 28. in which falsehood sets, 29. in which colours are seen,
30. in which poems are freshened.

Martyrology of Tallaght, Féilire Óengusso
Do Adamnán Iae

Asa tóidlech tóiden

Ro ír Ísu úasal

Sóerad mbúan mban nGóidel.

To Adamnán of Iona

Whose troop is radiant,

Noble Jesus has granted

The lasting liberation of the women of the Gaels. [W. Stokes translated]

St Eunan's Cathedral, or the Cathedral of St Eunan and St Columba [Colmcille] as it is also known, is a cathedral in the parish of Conwal and Leck, part of the Diocese of Raphoe. Built between the years of 1890 and 1900, the cathedral is found in Letterkenny, Tír Chonaill in Ireland.

...The cathedral is named for the Saints Adamnán and Columba;

There are 12 bells in the Cathedral bell chamber. They carry the names of the saints of Tír Conaill - Dallan, Conal and Fiacre, Adomnán, Baithen and Barron, Nelis and Mura, Fionán and Davog, Cartha and Caitríona, Taobhóg, Cróna and Ríanach, Ernan and Asica and Columba. The 12th bell weighs over 2 tons 5 cwts.

After the cathedral was opened the organist played "O'Donnell Abu", "St Patrick's Day", "The Last Rose of Summer", "The Wearing of the Green" and "The Bells of Shandon".

Wikipedia

Canon of St. Eunan, Cáin Adomnáin,

697: the Irish 'Geneva Convention'

Máire O'Dwyer, January/February 2015, History Ireland magazine

St. Eunan/Adomnán, the ninth abbot of Iona, is well known for his biography of St Columba/Colmcille. A lesser-known achievement was the promulgation in 697 of Cáin Adomnáin, the 'Law of the Innocents', Lex Innocentium.

This is the enactment of Adamnan's Law in Ireland and Britain: exemption of the Church of God with her [community] and her emblems and her sanctuaries and all her property [Ireland, Scotland, Britain] . . .

The [law] is a perpetual law on behalf of clerics and women and innocent children...

The gathering in this case, at Birr, Co. Offaly, was an unusual event, resembling a combination of a royal assembly and an ecclesiastical synod....

Cáin Adomnáin contains a list of 91 names, ostensibly those who gathered at Birr and who stood guarantor for the implementation of the law. The list has been examined by Máirín Ní Dhonnchadha, one of the contributors to Adomnán at Birr, AD 697, a volume published to mark the 1,300th anniversary of the synod in 1997...The list contains the names of the highest chiefss and ecclesiastics in the land, including the 'chief of Ireland', Loingsech mac Oengus, a kinsman of Adomnán, and Fland Febla, the 'sage-bishop' of Armagh and the highest ecclesiastic in Ireland excepting only Adomnán himself.

www.gallagherclan.org

From this line came three more High Chiefs – Loingseach (696 – 703), the son of Aongus, who fell that day at Dún Creamhanain and Congal Chinn Mhaghair (705 –710), descendant of Donall himself, and Flaitheartach (728 – 734), son of the above Loingseach, the last of the High Chiefs from the Cineall Conaill line….

In 1022, the Four Masters tell us of the death of Maelcobha Ó'Gallagher, Abbot of Skreen of Eunan – an old church in the parish of Skreen, Co. Sligo today. 21 And this Skreen had a connection with the Kineal Conaill from the time of St. Colmcille and St. Eunan.

…It was the daughter of O'Gallagher who was the mother of the first Niall Garbh O'Donnell, Lord of Tir Conaill. (1342 – 48).

from COLUM CILLE'S GREETING TO IRELAND,

K. Meyer Ancient Irish Poetry

My Derry, my little oak-grove,

My dwelling and my little cell,

O living God that art in Heaven above,

Woe to him who violates it !

Beloved are Durrow and Derry,

Beloved is Raphoe with purity,

Beloved Drumhome with its sweet acorns,

Beloved are Swords and Kells !

We shall speak first of the noble lineage and blood of Columcille, son of Fedlimid son of Fergus Cennfada son of Conall Gulban son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. Betha Colaim chille, Compiled by Manus O'Donnell in 1532, Edited and translated A. O'Kelleher, G. Schoepperle, 1918

701 Ailill mac Cathail, Chief of Munster, Guarantor of Cáin Adamnán Dies, Heir of Glenore

821 Artrí mac Cathail, chief of Munster, Heir of Glenore, dies. His great grandson Art Caemh was ancestor of the Uí Chaoimh (O'Keeffes)

923 Donnchadh son of Art Caoimh, commands the forces of Mumhan to rescue Callaghan, chief of Mumhan, from the treachery of the Lochlannach Sitric. A sea and land victory at Dún Dealgan. Three champions bearhug three champions, and pull them under the waves. Navy led by McCarthy, Failbhe Fionn under orders from Donnchadh, An Draoi Ruadh.

975 Brian Boru [Ó Briens] massacred 600-800 Orthodox monks of Scattery Island, Inis Cathaig

1013 Fleet of Danes burns Finbarrs Monastery and Civilians at Cork.

1022 Maelcobha O'Gallchobhair, the abbot of St. Eunan's in Skreen, died. ARE, ii, 802. Comharb Nm. Adamnán.

1026 Comarb of St. Barr, Cellach Ó Sellac, chief of Munster sages, died.

1027 Comarb of St. Barr, Neil Ó Mailduibh dies.

1028 The diocese of Dublin was formally established by Lochlannach Sigtrygg (Sitric) Silkbeard, King of Dublin. Diocese is Roman, reports to Canterbury. "Roman Catholic"

1028 Comarb of St. Barr, Airti Sairt

1034 Comarb of St. Barr, Cathal, dies.

1054 Great Schism, Catholic Reformers Vs. East Roman Orthodox Catholics

1057 Comarb of St. Barr, Mugron Ó Mutan, was murdered in the night by schismatics.

1063 "Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite died."— From the Four Masters

1066 Lochlannach/Viking/Norman William the Bastard conquers England

1070 Scots (Irish) Orthodox Monastery built at Regensberg, Germany

1080 Cork again destroyed by fire.

1084 Norman Viking Lochlannachs take Rome

1089 schismatic Dermot mac Toirdhealbhach Ó Brien, spoils and plunders Cork, and steals Orthodox Relics of St. Barr, Finbarr of Cork

1095 Schismatic Romes First Crusade

1100 Scots (Irish) Monastery at Regensberg, Germany begins major expansion because influx of presumably refugee Orthodox monks

1101 Muirchertach Ua Briain sells Cashel, sovereignty of Munster, to Norman Roman Catholic Church, Sacks Ailleach

1101 O'Brien sold out Cashel to the Catholics of

Rome Except 17 years earlier Normans had sacked the Roman home The Roman Church took over, changed the Irish way of life Took away the women's safety, started centuries of strife One thing you might not know is that Normans are Vikings too The O'Briens still play the heroes rewrote the history for you

1101 the Vikings of Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, 'destroyed Scattery island and took away many treasure and did many evil deeds'.

1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Dhuinn, Ollamh of Leinster born

1124 King David I of Scotland adopts Lochlannach/Norman Feudalism. His sister, Good Queen Maud, was Henry I wife and he grew up in his household, adopting Norman values and traits. "He introduced a feudal system and granted land to AngloNorman incomers who soon anglicized the lowlands in Southern Scotland. Norman English became the dominant language of court while Gaelic was spoken in the Highlands and Norse in the far North and Isles…"

1130 circa 1130, Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil Do you not think it a pity, O dear Donnchad [son of Caem], O descendant of beloved Ailill, that the women of Mumhan should be in captivity— without deceit —And that the Lochlannach should carry off their cows?

The Secret of Kells (2009) Aisling

I have lived through many ages,

through the eyes of salmon, deer, and wolf.

I have seen the Northmen invading Ireland,

destroying all in search of gold.

I've seen suffering in the darkness.

Yet I have seen beauty thrive in the most fragile of places.

I have seen the book. The book that turned darkness into light.

“To cry out that the emperor had no clothes on was at least to pick on one [person] only to the amusement of everyone else; to declare that almost everyone is dressed in rags is much less likely to be popular.” Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue

“Unless some insider got all of this down on paper, I figured, no future human would believe that it had happened.”

Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine, dag-eolach well-informed

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain; at least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. William Shakespeare, Hamlet

from THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

Aongus 0'Daly. Ob : 1570.

The beginning of wisdom is the fear of God,

No wisdom like it is to be found ;

Good the kind of wisdom, this,

The fear of God, on whomsoever it be.

“I know a profound pattern humans deny with words even while their actions affirm it. They say they seek security and quiet, conditions they call peace. Even as they speak, they create seeds of turmoil and violence.” Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

1676 Note Tacked to a Tree from Dawnland Voices: An Anthology of Indigenous Writing from New England edited by Síobhán Senier,

"Though English man hath provoked us to anger & wrath & we care not though we have war with you this 21 years for there are many of us 300 of which have fought with you at this town we hauve nothing but our lives to loose but thou hast many fair houses cattell & much good things"

Wowaus, son of Sachem, 1640-1709, Nipmuc Algonquin, Attended

Harvard's Indian College

1127-1134 Cormacs, presumed Celtic Rite Roman Uniate Chapel Built at Cashel

“The highest function of ecology is understanding consequences.” Frank Herbert, DuneDid [The Algonquin of Oileán an Turtair] War truly end in 1676? According to Nipmuc Tribe member David Tall Pine White, some indigenous people feel the battle persists to this day. “Natives today still believe that war continues on a different kind of level,” White said ...regarding the untold histories of 1676 and beyond....

By Rachel Rapkin Greenfield Recorder 1 Márta 2016

When Deer Island was sold to the MWRA by the City of Boston to build the water treatment plant, they had to excavate certain areas of the Island, which for many years had been used to house the unwanted of the City. It had been used as an orphanage, a prison, a hospital, a quarantine station, and an [Concentration] camp for Native Americans during the [Metacom] War in the 1600's. had been used as an orphanage, a prison, a hospital, a quarantine station, and an internment camp for Native Americans during the [Metacom] War in the 1600's.

Among those buried on the island were approximately 850 of the more than 1,000 Irish people who died and were buried in unmarked graves during this terrible time."

http://www.friendsofirishresearch.org/deerisland/

Jihudoya or Aramoya is not; the slave or the free is not; male or female is not; for you are all one.. Galatians 3:28 THE PESCHITO SYRIAC NEW TESTAMENT: TRANSLATED BY J.W. ETHERIDGE

Our history is the history of our success in making ourselves and our world unreal. What it comes down to is a choice between being unreal in an unreal world or being real in a real world. — John Moriarty, Invoking Ireland

"It is significant that whereas in the West Mary is primarily the Virgin, a being almost totally different from us in her absolute and celestial purity and freedom from all carnal pollution, in the East she is always referred to

and glorified as Theotokos, the Mother of God, and virtually all icons depict her with the Child in her arms." Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World

Judgment is at the doors!

So let us rise and fast,

Offering alms with tears of compunction and crying:

"Our sins are more in number than the sands of the sea;

But forgive us, O Master of All,

So that we may receive the incorruptible [torcs]."

Kontakion of St. Gregory Palamas

Donegal duine, Ó Gallchóir [Ó Conn], in 1825

Each Munster chief is a stately Flower,

The weak one's dauntless defending power;

Tis' a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir,

And shelters and helps The Poor evermore !

VERSES FOR RISING.

O Chieftain of graces,

Who brought me safe from yester-night,

Holy thanksgiving [be] always to the Chief of the Wounds :

By the power of Thy Passion, O High Son, protect me safe

From the deeds of Satan each day to my life's end.

O Father of powers, save me from the serpent of evil,

In each way that I shall take in the road that I wish to go,

To the Throne [of Thy glory] always First I go,

And in Mercy's Name lead me Thyself to-day.

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

1132 Maelmhaedhoc Ó Morgair (Malachy) becomes Holy-Roman Catholic bishop of Armagh, on the side with King John

1135, Finguine O'Caemh, Lord of Glennamnach (Glanworth in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]...) was slain.

1136 Ó Caoimh supports Cormac McCarthy against Ó Brien Gregorian Reformers from Thomond, Connacht, and Leinster at Waterford

1155 Laudabiliter Irish Doctrine of Discovery, Nicolas Breakspeare

1160 Giolla-na-naomh Ó Duinn, Ollamh of Leinster, dies
"for Éibhear and Dunn, the making of fearful poetry, vast, mighty draughts of death-spells in active voice"

1176 The Limerick Vikings invaded Scattery to reassert their authority over it.

1185 Prince John builds Lismore Castle on site of Lismore Abbey

1194 Gilla Ailbe Ó Caoimh and brother slain by Anglo-Normans, Condons Roches, Clongibbon-Fitzgibbon, and Barretts allies

1201 Fionghuine Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, Slain by Anglo-Normans

1210 Ó Donnell and Ó Connor submit to King John of England

1210 Magnus Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, slain by Anglo-Normans

1283 Tomás Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, slain by Condons and Barretts

1450 Bishop O'Gallagher died... Donncha O'Gallagher, the successor of St. Eunan died. ARE, iv, 966, 970. Comharb Nm. Adamnáin.

1540 In the beginning of 1540, the confederacy between O'Brien, O'Donnell, and O'Neil was apparently unimpaired. -LADY ELEANOR FITZGERALD. WIFE OF THE MAcCARTHY REACH.

1540 7 Iúil., Sir Anthony St. Leger was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland and tasked with the repression of disorder. He moved against the MacMorrough Kavanagh clan, who had long claimed the title of [chief] of Leinster, permitting them to retain their lands only by accepting feudal tenure on the English model. By a similar policy, he exacted obedience from the O'Mores, O'Tooles and O'Conors in Leix and Offaly. Having conciliated the O'Briens in the west and the Earl of Desmond in the south, he obtained the passage of an act in the Irish Parliament in Dublin, which conferred the title of King of Ireland on King Henry VIII and his heirs.

1543 Baron Inchiquin (Irish: Barún Inse Uí Chuinn) is one of the older titles in the Peerage of Ireland. It was one of two titles created on 1 July 1543 for Murrough O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who was descended from the great high [chief] Brian Boru). The grant of the English titles was conditional upon the abandonment of native titles, the adoption of English customs and laws, pledging of allegiance to the English crown, apostasy from the Catholic Church, and conversion to the Anglican Church. Murrough was made both Earl of Thomond in the Peerage of Ireland, with remainder to his nephew Donough O'Brien and Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his male heirs. On his death in 1551, Murrough was succeeded in the earldom, according to the special remainder, by his nephew, the second Earl (see Earl

of Thomond for later history of this title), but the barony of Inchiquin passed to his son Dermod, the second baron. Dermod's great-greatgrandson, the sixth baron, was a prominent military commander during the Irish Confederate Wars (1643–48), first for the English Parliament, then as a Royalist commander during the Cromwellian conquest of Ireland (1649–53) during the Wars of the Three Kingdoms.

1572 "The Earl of Thomond of the day, however, though descended from chief Brien... enforced martial law in 1572, against the bards
by hanging three of them... say the THE MUNSTER BARDS

Businessman Denis O'Brien has alleged a number of newspaper articles defamed him by portraying him as one of the "developer kings" who "destroyed Ireland and bankrupted its banking system".
https://www.irishtimes.com

From the Gaelic: Who would not mourn the soul of generosity, Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite, Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill [Fair hill] Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.

Cá Ngabhann Seón
Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Whither faces John, no more red-coated,

Were's his "Who's there?" as beside the gate

He saught the least excuse to raise a row

And have me fined for quarrelling in the night.

Where faces Ralph and his accursed guard

Those devilish city apprentices

Who everywhere pillaged consecrated chapels

Plundering the priests of God and exiling them

Willie Ó Dunn Algonquin First Nations

I pity the country

I pity the state

And the mind of a man

Who thrives on hate

Small are the lives

Of cheats and of buyers

Of bigoted news press

Fascist town criers

Aboriginal Australians were defined as part of the flora and flora until very recently in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Soil, Society, Economy The circular logic of Law of Return Women's Economic Empowerment : Let's Act Together Dr Vandana Shiva European Parliament

Dressed in a darker skin than their cousins in the old country, the Montserratians are yet Irish. Their names are Irish, they speak with a brogue, they have a solid reputation for hospitality and in times of adversity the rely first on "ourselves alone." It is with good reason that they stamp the sign of a shamrock into a new arrival's passport...
Montserrat Written by James P. Walsh & originally printed in 1989 © Irish Cultural Society of the Garden City Area

“The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family. Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens.” — James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland

With that he thrust his hand into the hole and started to grope around inside in the box looking for the gold. What did the lobster do but seize the hand in between his two claws and squeeze hard on it. No matter how the thief turned and twisted he couldn’t break the grip or pull out his hand. When the sun was setting that evening the cailleach arrived home. “You did well, lobster,” said she, and she killed the thief with an axe. — Gearóid

Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003.

“Whenever we engage in consumption or production patterns which take more than we need, we are engaging in violence.” — Vandana Shiva TYRANTS. Tyrants are part of the people themselves — the diseased part, and this disease is not local, to be cured with a knife, but constitutional, and only to be reached by the medicine of equity, morality, and self-respect. JB O'Reilly Watchwords

SYMPATHY FOR RIEL IN NEW YORK. Resolutions were adopted at the regular meeting of the Irish-American Union held last evening, in which the execution of Louis Riel was condemned as a "judicial murder." The resolution referred to the Canadian Government as a " subservient tool of the bigoted Orange faction," ...—New York World. — The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet efore Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York

My mother once said that this country felt like a home away from home for the Queen of Canada. Ladies and gentlemen, six decades later it still does[...] and it is good to be back. Queen Elizabeth II, Regina, at the Saskatchewan Legislative Assembly, 18th May 2005, via The Monarchist League of Canada

1600 Founding of The East India Company. The Royal Charter of the Company was approved by Elizabeth I

1642 Adventurer's Act: The Act invited English to invest £200 for which they would receive 1000 ac (400 ha) of lands that would be confiscated from rebels in Ireland. 2,500,000 ac (1,000,000 ha) of Irish land were set aside by the English Government for this purpose. The entire country of Ireland is roughly 20,000,000 ac (8,442,009 ha). Ad"venture capital"

"...the irrational will have its say, perhaps because 'irrational' is the wrong word for it." — Robertson Davies

Cogadh na hAon Bhliana Déag

1641-1653 'It was near Dromagh that the last battle in Munster was fought in the war of 1641-1653. Hugh O'Keeffe was then the owner, a firm adherent of Ormonde's and an opponent of the Nuncio's. For some reason he got the name of "Paschalis.' He was made a prisoner in some engagement by Moriertagh O'Brien, a supporter of the Nuncio's, and passed his word not to escape privately. One morning, rising up suddenly in bed, he said, Gentlemen, I give you notice that I'm off, and jumping out at the window, escaped, pretending that he had not broken his word, because he had given notice of his intention.... '

Meanwhile, the Papal nuncio, an Italian, had arrived,

and exhorted the Irish to refuse any peace with the King except on the

basis of the complete reinstatement of the Catholic Church. He roused what would now be called the ultramontanes against the moderate Catholic party which was acting with Ormond. Their wrangles caused a fatal delay, for by the time the moderates triumphed the King had been made a prisoner. Their treaty of peace with the King was not signed till September, 1645, and amounted to nothing, for the adherents of the Parliament rejected it on the one side, and the extreme Catholic party, the utterly intolerant and fanatical Catholics, under the nuncio, refused to be bound by it on the other. In the north the Irish were led by Owen O Neil, a member of the great Ulster house of that name, and under him they had beaten Munro and the Scotch. He now hurried to the support of the nuncio. The moderate Catholic leaders and Ormond fled to Dublin at his approach, and he was joined, after some hesitation, by Preston, the leader of the Irish forces in the south. In 1647, Ormond, at his wits end, handed over Dublin to the agents of the Parliament, and joined the Royalist refugees in France. This for a moment eliminated the Royalists, and left the party of the nuncio, the party of the bigots and intolerant extremists, supreme among the Irish..."
Theodore Roosevelt, CROMWELL

1726 ; and doleful it is to the youth of Munster, and to the clergy also, for numerous are the very learned and clearly-written books produced by his labour, which are to be found in Ireland to-day. There you have, O stone—my loss !— beneath your side, weak, a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ; a radiant watchman of the

blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels. Fr. Eóghan Ó Caoimh.

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES OF ERIN

Aoghán Ó Rathaille

Woe is me ! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach, Without a prince over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader ! Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate ! Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains ! A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear ! A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger I A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants ! A land of fetters — it is sickness to me unto death !

And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English

" Your dutifulness is good ; however, that is not the duty that I desire, but that you should free women for me, free them from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounding, from slaying, from the bondage of the cauldron." St. Eunans Mammy

...it is stated in Senchus Már that blotches would appear on a jurist's cheek if he deviated from the truth." Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law.

Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach.

Three tribal vetos: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.

'Men will be bad: (lawful) chiefs will be few: usurpers will be many' FERCHERTNE Immacallam in dá Thuarad

1702 +++ 7.001 English Statute 1 Ann c.26 (1702): An Act for the Relief of the Protestant Purchasers of the forfeited Estates in Ireland Sec. 7: To the end that none of the aforesaid purchased forfeited estates may ever descend to any Papist but shall remain to be held and enjoyed by Protestants for the strengthening of the English interest and Protestant religion,

1760 British began to use Opium as a Cash Crop for both Chinese

commodities and silver

1773 1000 Chests of Opium imported into China.

1778 By 1778 Irish would own a meager 5% of Irish land

1784 "Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame! More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, remorse, and shame! And man, whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn, - Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn! Robert Burns, Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge, 1784

1813 Increased Opium addicts in the Chinese bureaucracy causes concern in the Qing Courts

1814 The Lowell mills opened in 1814, when the Panic of 1837 necessitated a true drop in wages, many Lowell girls were replaced by the lower paid Irish "biddies", or "bridges". By

1850 the majority of workers at Lowell factories were poor immigrants....

"[Mokyr] ...noted that Ireland was the only country in Europe to

experience large-scale outmigration in the first half of the nineteenth century, and that the province of Ulster (where the linen industry was concentrated), was overrepresented in the emigrant flow. Thus, 'Ireland industrialized, but unfortunately for the Irish, its industrialization took place outside its borders: in northwest England, the Scottish Lowlands, and New England.'(15) — The Irish, Scottish and Flemish Linen Industries During the Long Eighteenth Century,

Jane Gray, Department of Sociology and National Institute for

Regional and Spatial Analysis National University of Ireland,

Maynooth, The European Linen Industry in Historical Perspective.

Pasold Studies in Textile History 13. Oxford: Oxford University Press (2003, pp. 159-186).

1815 End of the Napoleonic Wars, Britain consolidates imperial power in Asia and Africa

1832 20,000 Chests of Opium Imported into China

1836 Qing Court formally prohibits all imports of Opium and attempts to close the ports of Canton and Shanghai

1839 Commissioner Lin Zexu openly burned 1.2 million kilograms of confiscated British allies opium

1839-1842 First Opium War: Qing Empire Vs. Britain and its allies in France, United States, and Russia

1842 Treaty of Nanjing opened the ports of Canton and Shanghai. Hong Kong became a British colony

1845-1850 Thus; though from 1845 through 1850, 6,257,456 "disappeared," the number murdered is approximately 1.1 million fewer; i.e., 5.16 millions. Consequently; if Britain's census figures for Ireland are correct the British government murdered approximately 5.16 million Irish men, women and children; making it the Irish Holocaust." Chris Fogarty

http://www.irishholocaust.org/tollofholocaust

Hidetaka Hirota, The stories of Irish deportees from the US in 1800s

The Irish Times 24 Aibreán 2017 Mary Williams gave birth to Bridget in Massachusetts, shortly after landing in New York in 1855. Becoming destitute, the mother and the daughter entered a public almshouse in Massachusetts. In May of the year, discovering Mary's Irish-born status, Massachusetts officials forcibly sent her to Liverpool with Bridget, who was a nativeborn US citizen. This deportation was doubly illegal. While Massachusetts law limited overseas banishment to noncitizens, it required the officials to obtain a court warrant for removal. Massachusetts officials almost kidnapped Mary and Bridget

Williams from the almshouse without such warrant and shipped them away.

In 1855, Henry Gardner the Know-Nothing governor of Massachusetts, called the Irish who were gathering in throngs, "a horde of foreign barbarians."

Men of Massachusetts By August C. Bolino, professor emeritus, The Catholic University of America, p. 91

MEMORIALS

OF THOSE WHO

SUFFERED FOR THE CATHOLIC FAITH

IN

IRELAND,

IN THE

16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH CENTURIES.

COLLECTED AND EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORITIES

BY

MYLES O'REILLY, B.A., LL.D.

Christians are told to remember that "we have a great cloud of witnesses over our head," and are called on, "laying aside every weight of sin which surrounds us, to run by patience to the fight proposed, strengthened by the example of the saints," and are reminded that "the just seem to the eyes of the foolish to die, but indeed are in peace." Hence, from the first ages of Christianity, it was looked upon as a sacred duty to preserve the memory of the lives and deaths of those who had served Christ, and who "had been deemed worthy to suffer for his name"—the memory of their deaths even more than that of their lives, because, while death to the pagan was the final end, (the limit to the labors and successes of great men,) to the Christian it was the very instrument of victory—the moment of triumph: to the former, it was the termination of existence; to the latter, it was the commencement of the real life: for the former, the cause fell with its defender; for the latter, the triumph of the truth was secured by the death of its martyr.

* Tacitus, *Agricola*.

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"Strength of her martyrs;" and the church, whose foundations had been laid in peace, was to see her persecution-shaken walls cemented and rebuilt with the blood of her martyrs.

The sixteenth century saw in Ireland the commencement of a persecution which, gradually increasing in intensity, culminated in the middle of the seventeenth in what was probably the most exterminating attack ever endured by a Christian church. The fanatical followers of Mohammed, in the seventh century, propagated their faith by the sword; but the hordes of Cromwell abandoned the attempt to make the Irish converts, and turned all their energies to blotting out Catholicity in Ireland by the destruction of the Irish race: the Irish were recognized as ineradicably Catholic, and were slain or banished to wildernesses where it was believed they must become extinct. While this persecution was one mainly and essentially of Catholicity,* it was embittered and prolonged by every other element which could exacerbate and increase its ferocity; the differences of race, of conquest, of

* English and Scotch Catholics, settled in the north of Ireland, were as ruthlessly expelled in 1650 as those of Irish descent. See Curry's *Memoirs*, referred to in note on next page.

government, all added their elements of bitterness to intensify and prolong the strife.

England had conquered Ireland, but never absorbed its identity in her own ; and although she nominally ruled it, her rule up to 1600 was far from being consolidated. England became Protestant, while Ireland remained Catholic ; and hence the persecution of Catholicity in Ireland was not only the persecution of the believers in one faith by the adherents of another ; it was also (as was the case in the Netherlands) the persecution of the conquered by the conquering race, of the old government by the new, of the possessors of the land of the country by those who sought to confiscate it for their own advantage. How infinitely this has tended, for three hundred years, to prevent all impartial and good government in Ireland is patent to all. One incidental good, however, resulted from it : the fire of persecution surely but slowly fused into a common nationality all Irish Catholics of the various races which had so long remained separated. Norman and Celt, Palesman and " mere Irish," forgot their differences in their common Catholicity ; the laws which had sought to exclude men of Irish descent from certain posts in the church became obsolete when the honors of the church were the passport to martyrdom : and so also the dislike of the Irish outside the

Are St Columba's prophecies of an end of days coming true?

Ailin Quinlan, echolive.ie, Wed, 08 May, 2024

"Arrive will the time when you would grieve to dwell in Ireland.

"There will be bad weather and the regular order of things will be inverted.

"Fish will forsake rivers and only the leaves on the trees will show the difference between summer and winter.

"Trees will not bear fruit, nor will the earth pour forth its exuberance."

"Men for their sins will be scourged by rough tempests and hurricanes.

The people, Columcille warned, would become cold, hard-hearted, impious, and adulterous.

"Malice and hatred will prevail.

"Lying will overflow the country.

"Falsehood and deceit will prevail.

"Benevolence and neighbourliness will disappear and age will be treated with disrespect by youth.

"Strife and bickering will rage in the bosom of every family.

"Diseases will abound and remedies will fail.

"Sprightliness will not dwell in the young.

"Manners will be fickle and marriages will be without witness."

There would, he said, be discord between father and son, and between mother and daughter.

"Chapels and shrines will be plundered.

"Learning will be oppressed and both the arts and the sciences will be brought low.

“The old people will mourn the times they shall have lived to see.”

My grandmother used to talk about St Columcille. She explained how he’d warned that the seasons would change so drastically that winter would be the same as summer. That there would be no fish left in the rivers, and that people would no longer be able to distinguish between a man and a woman.

EVEN UNTO DEATH

priestly life was spent labouring for the people of Tralee. He was the last Prior of old Holy Cross, Father Thaddeus Moriarty, w'ho 300 years ago almost to the day, suffered death for the faith. ‘It is to commemorate him that we are gathered here today, to commemorate his life and his death, an event that brought glory to this town of Tralee and this diocese of Kerry and shed lustre on the Dominican Order and the whole Irish Church. ‘Three hundred years ago Father Moriarty was taken by the Cromwellian soldiers from his peaceful convent here and brought to Killarney, and there he was hanged near the market place, whose present name keeps his memory fresh in the minds of the people, for to them the place is known as “Martyrs’ Hill.” On that fateful autumn day another glorious page was added to the most glorious chapter of the history of the Irish Church— that chapter that was written with the blood of

Ireland's martyrs and the tears of her suffering children. This new page was written with the blood of Father Moriarty, and its glory belongs not only to the towns in which he hved and died, but to the whole country, whose official hst of martyrs proposed for beatification includes his name.

'In commemorating his martyrdom, we commemorate inevitably, also, the dark night of the soul of Ireland—that long period of almost unbroken darkness when the people of Ireland, in the cause of their Cathohc faith, underwent a persecution that was rarely if ever paralleled in the history of the Cathohc Church. The Church, which is the mystical body of Christ, has had to suffer persecution at every period of its history. Our Lord Himself, its Founder, foretold that it would be so. And His prophecy would be verified now in one part of His Church and now in another. In recent years we have become only too familiar with the persecution of the Church in the countries of Eastern Europe and of the Far East, and with its pattern of trials that are a mockery of justice, staged to strike the shepherd so that the flock might be dis persed. In recent weeks we have learned of the new sufferings of Poland, a sister country whose tragic struggle for the faith so closely resembles our own. There, further new attempts have been made to extinguish the last undying spark of the Catholic

Faith ...

Three centuries ago it was our own land that was to experience the sufferings of Christ's mystical body, and not for ten, twenty or fifty years only, but almost without break or mitigation for over a century and a half.

'While the wave of heresy propounded by the "Reformers" was bearing away the peoples of the Continent of Europe, in Ireland the faith which Patrick had brought to our shores was, through God's grace, preserved, untarnished and strengthened, and in God's designs the means of its preservation were to be persecution and death. The more the iniquitous penal laws sought to rob our forefathers of their Faith, the more tenaciously did they cling to it. And the more dearly they had to pay for it with their blood and tears, the more highly did they value it. It was thus that the Faith which they passed on to their children had become for them such a precious heritage.

THIRD CENTENARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. THADDEUS MORIARTY

Hanged by the Cromwellians

in Killarney on October 15, 1653

COMMEMORATED IN TRALEE October 18, 1953

The fifteen tokens of Doomsday

Whitley Stokes, CELT, *Revue Celtique*. Volume 2, Paris

Hieronymus in Annalibus Hebraiorum, etc., that is, Jerome the prophet relates, as he found in the historical books of the Hebrews, the tokens of the fifteen days before Doom. And these are the tokens of the fifteenth day before Doom, to wit, all the seas and waters will rise[1] from the face of the earth up to the clouds of heaven, fifteen cubits above the mountains, so that the cry of the seals, and the roar of the whales, the yelling and blowing of the red-mouthed sea-monsters will be on the dry strands after the water leaves them on that day.

This is the token of the fourteenth day before Doom, namely, the vast billow-roar, and the noise of the mighty waves of all the waters falling hurriedly again on the following day into their own proper places, so that they go into the depth of the earth; and whither they go is unknown.

This is the token of the thirteenth day before Doom, i.e. all the waters will go back into their own right and proper place, and will freeze and harden, so that many armies would march upon them.

This is the token of the twelfth day before Doom; to wit, all the sea-animals will rise up madly from the earth to the walls of the firmament and to the clouds of heaven, and will be continually clamouring and uttering outcries urgently for dread of the Day of Doom; and no one in the world, save the true, great, mighty God, knows what they say on that day.

These are the tokens of the eleventh day before Doom, to wit, all the birds and fowls of the earth will be moving and flitting continually, without resting or delaying, and will be there without partaking of food or drink.

This is the token of the tenth day before Doom, to wit, great rivers, rough-

waved, solid, fiery, will flow out of the firmament from sunrise to sunset.

This is the token of the ninth day before Doom, to wit, a great sound, ugly, rough, terrific, will be heard from the heights of heaven, and many lightnings and vast thunder will come thereout, and a red, fiery cloud will rise from the southern part of the sky and spread over all the surface of the earth, and a rush of crimson blood, with a rough-waved fiery flame, will pour out of that cloud, so that it would fill the whole world, both sea and

land; and flames of flashing fire (will be) over the four parts of the globe, and a mighty earthquake on the whole world, and a vast spark will rise at every part of the earth, and the sea with its many thousands will go forth over its ramparts on that day.

This is the token of the eighth day before Doom, to wit, an excessive tremor will be on the elements, with the shaking of the firmament and a great clanking at all the earth for dread of the great deed that is coming to them. And every creature will be prostrate with fear, and the waves of the sea will rise as high as the lofty ether, and strong fiery winds will shake the ocean from bottom to top. The stridor and thundering of the seas and the waters against the rivers of fire in the ether, without music or pleasure, throughout the world's four parts on that day. A life sad, ever-distressful, peaceless, healthless, they have, after the slopes and glens of the world have been filled for the sinners there.

This is the token of the seventh day before Doom, to wit, all the stones, both small and great, will split into four parts, and each of these parts will be conversing with another, and no one but God Himself knows what they say. And the woods of the earth will fall out of their roots, after all of them have been broken on that day, and a perilous trembling of the stones after they have been separated from their proper forms. And bitter, spectral streams of sulphurous fire will rise from the flanks of the earth, so that the

whole world is one blaze from sunrise to sunset. Mist and mighty thundering of heaven are on that day.

This is the token of the sixth day before Doom, to wit, all the trees and stones will be shedding blood there, and frequent, rough, keen wind will rise there, whereby the whole world is shaken at once. Wailing and screaming and crying and wretched sorrowful groaning have Adam's race, entreating the earth to open before them, so that they may not be seeing those vast evils, for they deem it seven times better to die than to be alive at that season.

'Tis then three hundred and sixty-five stars will fall from the east of the firmament down upon earth on that day. And the mountains will then fall, so that they will be on a level (?) with the glens, and the firmament and heaven and earth will be shut there.

This is the token of the fifth day before the Doom, to wit, great thunders and the sound of the four fiery winds from the four airts of heaven. The elements will shrink up and separate before the holy Powers, and their nature will change so that out of the firmament innumerable streams of stars, to wit, five thousand three hundred and sixty-five stars, fall down to earth as falls ripe fruit on a windy day. The moon will turn into blood, and the sun will grow dark, and the mountaius and all the structures will turn into ashes. The terrible screaming and wretched cry

of the birds at being burnt and scalded on that day, and the bitter sulphurous streams of that heavy storm's fire between heaven and earth! A bitter, sad wail, and a hard, vehement lamentation and heavy grief, and reproachful rebuke hath Adam's race on that day.
All mankind will then be kneeling fervently to God, and entreating Him *to* save them from the fire of Doom.

This is the token of the fourth day before Doom, to wit, all the lawless

animals of the earth will go out of their proper places, and be on the plains, crying out and howling, without food, without clothing on that dy, and the human race will go out of the places in which they will be, and each of them past his fellow in madness, and he himself understands nothing that he says. And everyone that has tasted life will die at once on that day, and all the world will be under hail and fire.

And the doors of the palace will open there. Ah the hurried crashing together, and the vast roar of the seven heavens, at the coming of the Creator with His angels out of them to the judgment of Doom!

Then will heaven's angels say to the Creator: 'Oh, oh, our Lord!' they say, 'come quickly near us, so that the living fire of Doom may not burn us!' For though virulent is this fire that is in the world, hotter seven times is the fire of Doom. For there are four fires there, and seven *times greater is* the heat of each of them than *that of* another: as said a certain sage, namely, fire of earth, fire of lightning, fire of Doom, and fire of Hell:

Seven *times greater than* the heat of the fire of the soft earth
***is* the fire of bright-quick lightning:**
Seven *times greater than* the heat of the fire of ready Doom
***is* the fire of cruel Hell.**

Then the angels and the souls of the saints and the righteous will be saved, like a fish in water, so that the fire of Doom does not burn them.
This is the token of the third day before the Doom, to wit, every grave will open, and their dead will come forth honourably, and the world will be in grief on that day, for then there will not be dwellings for living, or for dead on the present world.

This is the token of the second day before Doom, to wit, all the living will

die thereon.

This is the token of the day before Doom, to wit, the pure King of Glory, the only Son of the King of heaven and earth and hell, with a countless multitude of angels and archangels, to wit, the nine ranks of heaven, in His company *will go*, on that day to the summit of Mount Zion to judge their deeds, both good and evil, for Adam's impure children.

This is the semblance *in number* of the household of heaven in the company of the Creator on that day, to wit, stars of heaven, and sand

of sea, and grass on earth. Such is the greatness of the power and strength of the angels, that in the space of only a single day seven of them would sweep away the whole world from sunrise to sunset.
More awful and mightier than thunder are their voices, so that then, there is sent a proclamation, from the Creator to the human race, to wit, Michael the Archangel; and all human beings will then hear Michael's proclamation from the Creator, summoning them to that great assembly. So then all the dead will arise out of the earth, to wit, first, the apostles will arise, and the prophets and the confessors, the martyrs and the saints and the righteous; and thereafter the virgins and penitents; and, lastly, baptized infants.

No one on that day will be younger or older than another, for the whole human race will arise at the age of thirty years, that is, the age at which Adam was created, and the age which Jesus had attained when He was baptized.

Oh, foul will be the resurrection of the sinners on that day! A great and vast army of Adam's race will be proceeding distressfully through the seas of heavy, fiery, perilous (?) storm, and through the vast unendurable waves of the red flame which is in the four parts of the world, to the meeting of the justly-judging, mighty Overking, unto Mount Zion.

Oh then the household of heaven and earth and hell will gather into that

meeting, and then the King of Glory will arise with His final Cross on his shoulder in the presence of them all; and thus He will arise, with all His red Body around Him, with the traces of the stabs and wounds of His Passion upon Him, so that all the deep, incurable gashes, and the great tortures which they themselves inflicted upon Him, may be manifested to the Jews.[2]

Then Christ will sit down with his twelve Apostles around Him. Oh then will be the great, conspicuous end, to wit, the Monday of Doomsday, the day of destruction and vengeance for the sinners, and the day of respect and great honour for the righteous.

That day there will be a sad and manifest cry from the rabble of the *world* at being cast, bound and cruelly fettered, into the awful death of Hell, into the unfriendly hands of their foe, the Devil, tortured continually, and with Hell shut upon them for ever and ever.

Then the saints and the righteous will be diligently and always praising their Creator, they being cheerful and glad after gaining victory and triumph from the Devil.

Oh the whole human race is arranged in four assemblies, there in presence of Christ, to wit, the good and the very good, the bad and the very bad.

Oh sad it is that the provision of the ready, ever-decisive judgments which are then delivered will not be upright, pleasant, righteous, discreet, gentle, patient, loving, abstinent, fasting, humble, penitent!

Oh, on one side then will be cast the envious and the false-judging, the quarrelsome and the incestuous, the harlots and the satirists and the buffoons, the heretics and the marauders, the robbers and the jealous, the liars, the noisy, the lampooners, the she-lampooners, the haughty; the

gluttonous, the angry, the homicidal, the parricides, the deceivers, and all other evil ones.

Those, then, are cast to the demons, to inhabit Hell for ever and ever. And that folk is swept out of the world, for they themselves have forsaken the reward of heaven and the sight of their holy and mighty Father; and they will be a thousand years in the eternal fire of Doom, for that is the length and period of the Day of Judgment.

Oh, neither calm nor easy is that road, for there they get neither food nor drink nor resting, but constant hunger, and thirst without relief, and cold and unendurable heat.

Oh, sad will be the sharp cry of lamentation and the great howl of grief, and the hard, vehement wailing, and the sorrow of mind, and the suffering of heart, and the enduringly wretched hand-clapping of Doom, which the sinners, after rejecting *God's* mercy, make at being dragged, strongly and urgently, to the everlasting torture of Hell. And they will be mightily praying for pardon, and wretchedly reproaching the Lord for not forgiving them in this life for the outrages they committed upon Him.

Oh, 'tis then on that day the locks will be shut on the sinners! to wit, the shutting on them by casting them into the many awful torments of hell, and the shutting of their eyes against the world, and the shutting from beholding the heavenly Kingdom without their seeing it thenceforward.[4]

Oh, then they will sit in the presence of the King of Evil, to wit, the Devil, in the glen of infernal torments, where there is dark, lightless fire, and a life sad, ever-distressful, foul, sooty, virulent, impure; and where there will be trembling on tooth, and hard shackles on body, and grief on mind, and darkness on cheeks, and miserable, mournful moans, and constant weepings, and lasting handclapping, and heavy tears of blood over cheeks at their suffering, and cries at hearing them.

Oh, the Devil will then make heavy-headed, cruelly-fettered, bound captives of the tortured sinners at their lasting passion in the narrow chested, rough-headed, iron, awful prison of hell for ever and ever. White faces of constant suffering with the aspect of a dead man they have; and horrible, many-headed monsters with thick, crimson snouts upon them; and one great monster there, with five hundred heads and five hundred fangs in every head, and a hundred feet, and a hundred toes on every foot, and a hundred nails on every toe.

Howbeit, the whole human race could not set forth the multitude of Hell's many torments, Everliving fire will be continually blazing therein, and it does not illumine; and if the sea were spilt against it the sea would not quench it.

This is the second torment therein, to wit, unendurable cold, as saith this testimony: si mitteretur etc.[6] that is, in a mountain of fire aflame were cast therein, Hell would make of it ice and snow.

The third torment, that of poisonous snakes and vermin and many monsters of hell to be gnawing and wounding the souls continually.

The fourth torment, the lasting, unmeet stench of Hell.

The fifth torment, the urgent smiting together of the demons, like the sledging of smiths in a forge, at the continual smiting and massacring of the souls.

The sixth torment, everlasting: A land of darkness wherein dwells the shadow of Death, and no right order, but eternal horror.[7]

The seventh torment, namely, the confession of the sins which one did not confess in this life, so that they are then manifest to all the folk of Hell.

The eighth torment, the continual contemplation of the Devil's countenance. For though there were no torment in hell, *that* would be enough of torment, for sparks of fire drop urgently from the base eye of the Devil as a red firebrand (?) drops from a hearth.

The ninth torment: locks and fiery bonds to be blazing on every member and on every separate joint of the sinners, so that they cannot escape from the torments in which they abide for ever: for in ife they did not control those members by penance and by the cross of repentance in liability for their evil and their sin.

But touching the saints and the righteous, the mighty Lord will welcome them attentively on that day, and will then say to them: Come ye blessed ones, etc.

Then seven Glories are bestowed on the bodies of the righteous, and seven glories on their souls. These are the seven Glories of those bodies, Claritatem, that is brightness, for the bodies of those that arise on that day will be seven times brighter than the sun: Velocitatem, that is, speed, for the bodies of those that arise will be swifter than wind: Fortitudinem, that is strength: Libertatem, that is freedom: Voluntatem, that is, will, for their will and the Lord's shall be the same: Sanitatem, that is, health, for throughout eternity they will suffer no disease or sickness: Immortalitatem, that is, immortality, for in their case they will never have separation of body and soul.

These are the seven Glories of the soul, to wit, wisdom and friendliness and union, power and honour, gentleness and gladness. Oh those are the

honours and gifts that the mighty Lord bestows on his own righteous ones, to wit, on the mild and kindy and loving and merciful, the beneficent, and the virgins for sake of God.

Then is Life eternal without death, and many-melodied joy, and lordly delight without limit or end, and health without sickness, and pleasure without strife, and youth without aging, and peace without disunion, and dominion without disturbance, and freedom without labour, and patience without desire, and calm without sleep. Holiness without defect, unity of angels, feasting without limit, to partake of the great Pasch among nine ranks of heaven's angels, and together with them a Prince high, noble, fair, just, adorned: great, lordly (?), gentle and pure: on golden thrones and on glassen couches. And every one will be seated there according to honour and law, and according to his good works, contemplating the King perfect, entreated, righteous, truly-judging, noble, reverend, humble; in presence of the great Godhead, to wit, the King of the Three Households,[8] chanting together with Cherubim and Seraphim, and with nine ranks of Heaven, and with Him who was and is and will be there for ever; without age or decay, without feebleness or weakness, without gloom or sadness, in bodies subtile and shining, in the station of angels and in the burgh of Paradise.

Oh, unspeakable is the size and amplitude and breadth of the Heavenly City! For the bird whose flight and flying are swiftest on this earth could not finish the journey of that royal abode *though it flew* from the beginning of the world to the end.[9]

Oh great and vast are the size and lastingness and radiance of that City, and its ease and its lustre, its grace and its great purity, its firmness and its stability, its costliness, its beauty, and its pleasantness, its height and its splendour, its dignity and its venerableness: its plenteous peace and plenteous unity.

Oh then well for him who shall be with good morals and good works to inhabit that City on the day of Doom! For he will be in the unity of each of the three, namely, in the unity that is greatly nobler than any unity, the

unity of the royal Trinity of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

I entreat the mercy of great God. May we all reach the unity of that noble many-powered King, and may we dwell together with Him for ever!

So rise up Jack and fight your way. If you dont believe in what I say,
I'll call in jack Straw and he'll soon clear the way."
Then comes jack Straw and this is his rhyme.
"Here comes I Jack Straw such a man you never saw through a riddle through a reel through an old spinning wheel, through a bag of pepper through an old mill hopper."
Scott Stevenson, Donegal, Duchas.ie

Enter Jack Straw Yes! Yes! Here comes me Jack Straw.
My father was straw, my mother was straw.
We all lived and died in straw.
If you don't like to believe me enter St Patrick.
Enter St. Patrick (with beard and crozier and gold braid on his sleaves)
Yes! Yes! Here comes me St. Patrick.
With my arms shining bright,
I come to settle all disputes in the beginning of the fight.
Teacher M. P. Ó Dochartaigh, Donegal.

There was a man living long ago in Bannow and he drove the devil to hell wan time. Himself and another man were coming home wan night and they saw a light. The other man was afraid of his life. When they cam up to it they saw the figure standing. As soon as they came up to it the figure came towards them.

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity" said this man, go back to wherever you came from, and do harm to any man in this earth". Whatever it was, and sure I suppose it was the devil, he went off in a ball of fire, and there was never a light or anything seen there after.

Patrick Dake, Wexford, Duchas.ie

O God thou hast through the night
Watched me with fathers care.
I praise thee with the morning light.
For all the blessings that I share. Protect me still throughout the day,
From sin, from evil, from distress.
And what I think, or do, or say.
Do thou, o best of fathers bless
Angel of God to thee I pray
Be with me where I go this day
Oh Mary pray, before God's throne
For me to Jesus Christ, thy son
Whose name in love we all adore
To whom be praise for evermore "Amen"
Bridget Mahon, Roscommon, Duchas.ie

Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ;
I beseech the only Son of God to grant relief to the-Gaels

The struggle will end, as all natural contests must end, in the triumph of mercy, morality and freedom, for these are the law of God.

Wherefore St. Findchua left to Munstermen, from that time forward till Doomsday, to defeat foreigners and every host besides when charging down a height ; and verily this is fulfilled

“Do you not know your Son, O Mother ?
"And is that the little Son that I bore three seasons ?

"And is that the little Son Who was born in the stable ? '
'And is that the little Son Who was nursed in Mary's bosom ?
"And is that the hammer that drove the nails through Thee ? '
'And is that the thorny crown that was upon Thy beauteous brows ? "
"And is that the spear to go through Thy fair Side ? "
"Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful
The women for My keening are yet to be born ! "

NOAH
an occasion ew hemma
kemmys pehas es in beyse ha nynges tarn amendya
may thew an tas dew serrys
gans oil pobell an bysma

The occasion is this
So much sin is in (the) world,
And there is not a jot of amendment,
That the Father God is angered
With all (the) people of this world.

616. Now when the hour of Patrick's decease arrived, Bishop Tassach gave him Christ's Body; and he sent his spirit to heaven in the hundred and thirty-second year of his age.
Howbeit heaven's angels came to meet Patrick's soul, and took it with them to heaven with great honour and reverence. And though great be his honour at present, greater will it be at the meeting of Doom, when the men of the world will arise; at Michael the archangel's command.
And the men of Ireland will go to meet Patrick to Down, and wend along with him to Mount Zion, where Christ will deal judgment to Adam's

children on that day ; when, moreover, Christ will sit on His throne in glory judging the three households, even the household of Heaven, and the household of Earth, and the household of Hell.
And the twelve apostles will sit along with Him on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. And then will Patrick sit on his throne of judgment and judge the men of Ireland.
For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irish- men, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday. And after the sentence of Doom, those who have fulfilled his command and his teaching, in fastings, in prayer, in alms, in compassion, in gentleness, in forgiveness, and in the other divine commands, will go along with him into the heavenly Chiefdom.

Said Patrick, 'A child will be born of his family, He will be a sage, he will be a prophet, he will be a poet, A loveable, clear, pure lamp, "Who will not utter falsehood.' That is Colomb cille, son of Fedlimid.

45. Then Patrick blessed Conall son of Niall and his kindred, and he left a blessing on their men and on their estuaries and on their churches.
356. Patrick went to Ailech of the Chiefs, and blessed the stronghold, and left his flag-stone therein, and- prophesied Chiefship and rank for a space over Ireland out of Ailech. And he gave a blessing of valour to Eogan, and Patrick said :
'My blessing on the tribes,
I give from Belach Ratha,
And on Eogan's kindred,
(God's) grace to Doomsday. '

And though great be the honour of St. Brigid here at present, greater by far will it be,
when she shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in union with the Son of Mary the Virgin, in the union that is nobler than every union, in the union of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy St. Brigid's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein, in saecula.

“Coiglim an tine seo mar choigleann Críost cáidh;
Muire ar mhullach an tí, agus Bríd ina lár;
An tochtar ainglí is tréine i gCathair na nGrás
Ag cumhdach an ti seo ‘s a mhuintir thabhairt slán.
I save this fire, as noble Christ saves;
Mary on the top of the house and St. Brigid in its centre;
the eight strongest angels in Heaven preserving this house
and keeping its people safe.

899.- Now since it is the souls of the saints, whose lot it is to inhabit for ever the Chiefdom of heaven, that make that lamentation, it were meet for the men of the world, though they should shed tears of blood expecting Doomsday, in quo die mala erunt. Now there will be many evils and tribulations on that day, that is, on the Day of Judgment, in quo dieJudexJustus sua suis reddet: impiis pcenas, pr&miajustis. Then will the Lord pay to every human being in the world his own wage. Punishment He hath for the sinful, reward for the righteous. Then the sinful will be cast into

the depth of the eternal pain, and the lock of God's word will shut them up under hatred of the Judge of Doom. Then the saints and the righteous, the folk of charity and of mercy, will be carried to the right hand of God the Father, to inhabit the Chiefdom of heaven for ever. Then they will abide in that great glory, in the unity of the Godhead and the Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than any unity, the unity of the holy, noble, almighty Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 3912. I beseech the" high, almighty God, through saint Brenainn's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we reach it, may we dwell therein for ever and ever !

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy, To banish this sorrow from them altogether — From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear — And to restore the Gaels to their estates.
O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
All our estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint

Therefore for those good things and for abundance of other good things st. Ciaráns is soul is with the household of heaven. His relics and remains are here,
with honour and with veneration, with miracles and with daily marvels. And though great be his honour at present in that wise, greater will be his honour in the holy incorruptible union of his body and his soul at the great assembly of Doom, when St. Ciaran will be judge over the fruit of his teaching along with Jesus Christ whom he served. So he will abide in that great household2 , in unity of patriarchs and prophets, in the unity of the apostles and disciples of the Saviour Jesus Christ : in the unity of the nine orders of angels who have not transgressed : in the unity ofthe Godhead

and Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than every unity, in the unity of the holy Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 4524. I beseech the mercy of noble almighty God, through St. Ciaran's inter- cession, that we may all attain to that unity. May we dwell therein for ever and ever !

Fios Naomh Adamnáin, The Knowledge and Understanding of St. Eunan
How much more fitting were it [to]... meditate on the Day of Judgment, and the terrors of Hell...
And at that very time shall the guilty be set in the abyss of everlasting pain, and the book of the Word of God shall be then closed, under the curse of the Breitheamh of Doom, for ever.
But the saints and the righteous, the charitable and the merciful, shall be borne to the right hand of God, to a lasting habitation in the [Chiefery] of Heaven, there to abide without age or death, end or term, for ever and ever.
This, the, is the manner of that City: A [Chiefing] without pride, or vanity, or falsehood, or outrage, or deceit, or pretence, or blushing, or shame, or reproach, or insult, or envy. or arrogance, or pestilence, or snow, or wind, or rain, or din, or thunder, or darkness, or cold--a noble, admirable, ethereal realm endowed with the wisdom, and radiance and fragrance of a plenteous land...
based on CS Boswell translated
let them carry * curse * and * malediction * of
saints * of Ireland) May they bear the curse and the malediction of the saints of Ireland!
(let be * nettles *to * doomsday * his * household)

St. Benean, the son of Sesenean, the psalmist, said :
St. BENEAN—a blessing on the man,
"Is he who put this in the psalter of Caiseal,
The history of every Chief and his income,
The best that walk the land of Mumha.
The Chief of Caiseal, as head over all.
Is what is here [ordained] until the [day of] judgment,
Since the saints fasted
Against the renowned, noble Teamhair.
To the Chief of round Caiseal has come
The blessing of Patrick son of Alprann

Troparion
O light of Orthodoxy, teacher of the Church, its confirmation,
O ideal of monks and invincible champion of theologians,
O wonder-worChief Gregory, glory of Thessalonica and preacher of grace,
Always intercede before the Lord that our souls may be saved. Kontakion
(Tone 4)
Now is the time for action!
Judgment is at the doors!
So let us rise and fast,
Offering alms with tears of compunction and crying:
"Our sins are more in number than the sands of the sea;
But forgive us, O Master of All, So that we may receive the incorruptible treasure"
Kontakion
(Tone 8)
Holy and divine instrument of wisdom, joyful trumpet of theology, together we sing your praises, O God-inspired Gregory.

Since you now stand before the Original Mind,
guide our minds to Him, O Father,
So that we may sing to you: "Rejoice, preacher of grace."
from Great Lent: Journey to Pascha, by Fr. Alexander Schmemann (1974), St. Vladimir's Seminary Press

Mugrón a successor of Columcille haec verba composuit de Trinitate.
Have mercy on us, O God father omnipotent ...
O lion. O ox. O eagle.
O crucified Christ. O judge of Doom, have mercy on us !
Have mercy on us, O omnipotent God, O Holy Spirit !

St. Adamnáin, who was the successor of St. Columbkill at lona, and who wrote St. Columbkill's Life, gave a remarkable judgment concerning women from the Rath of the Synods at Tara, in the seventh century.
It is called the Cáin Adamnáin, or St. Eunan s Law concerning Women.
Adamnan, who was born in 624 A.D., was devoted to his mother. One day she said to him : " Your dutifulness is good ; however, that is not the duty that I desire, but that you should free women for me, free them from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounding, from slaying, from the bondage of the cauldron."
The two had just seen a battlefield, near Drogheda, where many women lay slain, with their babes on their breasts, motherless. Adamnan determined to fulfil his mother's desire, but to do so, he had to endure great tortures, and

horrible penances for many years.
At last angels came to deliver him from these, but he said : " I will not arise until women are freed for me." And the angel answered : " By reason of your sufferance you shall have all you ask of God."

Kuno Meyer translated

Solas Mhic Dé ar a n-anam.

Three kinds of martyrdom that are counted as a. cross to man, i.e. white martyrdom, green martyrdom, and red martyrdom.
—-The Cambray Homily (Thesaurus Paleohibernicus, 11., p. 246).
Three enemies of the soul: the world, the devil, and an impious teacher.——
Colma.n maccu Beognae's Alphabet of Piety
(Zeitschrift fiir celtische Philologie, m., p. 452).
Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his gait, by his speech.—Ib., p. 458.
KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

"What then will you answer the Judge? You gorgeously array your walls, but do not clothe your fellow human being; you adorn horses, but turn away from the shameful plight of your brother or sister; you allow grain to rot in your barns, but do not feed those who are starving; you hide gold in the earth, but ignore the oppressed!"
— Hagios Basilios the Great, On Social Justice
Beatha Naomh Páidraig Book Lismore
After that Naomh Páidraig went into the province of Munster, to Cashel of the [chief].
And Oengus, son of Natfraich, [chief] of Munster, met him, and made him welcome, and brings him with him to his house, to the fort, as far as the place wherein Lecc Padraic is to-day.
And Oengus there believed in God and in Naomh Páidraig, and he was baptized and a multitude of the men of Munster along with him. There, then, was the beginning of the baptism of the men of Munster.

And then said Naomh Páidraig :
'If Munster-men outrage me
Regarding Cashel the head of their baptism,
They shall have mutual slaughter amidst their land,
Their realm will be in disgrace.
From Cashel I have blessed Ireland as far as its borders.
With my two hands have I blessed,
So that Munster will not be without good.
Now when Naomh Páidraig was blessing the head of Oengus,
the spike of the crozier went
through his foot.
So, after the end of the benediction, Naomh Páidraig saw the wound in Oengus's foot.
Said Naomh Páidraig: 'Why didnt you tell me?'
'Meseemed,' saith Oengus, 'that it was a rite of the faith.'
'Thou shalt have a reward for this,' saith Naomh Páidraig.
' From to-day to the Judgment thy successor shall not have a death by slaying, save one man only [Cenngecan was slain A.D. 897].
Patrick saith that his grace would abide in Cashel:
'Patrick's resurrection in Down,
His primacy in Armagh,
On the hillock of musical Cashel,
He granted a third of his grace.'

Poem on the Day of Judgement Editor and translator: J. G. O'Keeffe An electronic edition https://www.ucd.ie/tlh/text/jok.eriu.3.001.text.html
Doom! Not slight will be its uproar when the world will burn; it were meet, O Christ with grades [of angels], that Adam's seed should dread it.
Obdurate is the human race, harder than stones are their hearts when they heed not the many vast pains.

When the earth will vomit forth the hosts of Adam's vast seed, when one blaze will fill both heaven and earth.
When the host of hell, the tribes of earth, the multitude of saints, the nine grades of angels will meet in one gathering when each question will be solved.
When the Judge will pronounce righteous true judgements, awarding heaven to the chosen, increase of punishment to the evil folk.
The humble, lowly, devout folk with purity of heart, the despised wretches will be in the ranks of heaven's [Chief].
The red-mouthed judges, the lewd, the sinful, the [unjust] satirists, the contentious, arrogant clerics will find neither honour nor welcome.
The envious, the parricides, the wicked impious chiefs, the lewd unwomanly women will find death and extinction.
Bitter and harsh will be their repentance, they will shed tears over cheeks, the lying, the impious, the folk of every enduring sin.
It will be a shame, it will be a reproach to the host of the wicked, as you shall see, when all will behold the sin of each one of them.
After being for a long space of time in the scorching fire of Doom, they will be cast by the [Chief] of the Sun into a place of torture at last.
Sorry will be the outcry they will make, dreadful will be their wailings, as they part from holy angels, as they go with evil demons.
Woe to the soul which heeds not the din of the mighty Day of Doom; worse seventy-seven times to dwell in hard avenging hell.
Its bitter cold, its great burning, its hunger, its dreadful thirst, its crushing, its heavy revenge, its horror, its stifling smoke, its slaying.
Its many fearful monsters, its groaning, its wild woeful lament, its fiery rotten sea, its vile devilish faces.

Woe to him who hath come into this world, woe to our body, woe to our souls to each one who is destined to dwell for ever in ruthless hell.

Of Thy fondness, O fond Father, of Thy gentleness, O [Chief] of Heaven, cast me not into the bitter prison in which there are many groans.
For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth, when Thou wilt . . . with me, deal gently with my soul!
For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, of Thy Chiefdom, O Prince, come valiantly to my aid in all the sufferings of my soul.
For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth, I pray Thee, O Christ of my heart, that the Chiefdom of Heaven may be for my soul.
For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, protect me against all iniquity, lest, O Heavenly [Chief], the temptations of demons or men destroy me.
For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, come forthwith to my aid; before I go from the world take from me every unrighteousness.
Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee.
That I may be wheat in Thy granary on the day when the chaff is burned, that I may carry off victory and triumph yonder in the rout of Doom.

We appeal to the Highest Tribunal for evidence of the justness of our cause. History bears testimony to the integrity of our sufferings...
Fenian Proclamation 5 Márta 1867

MK Dowling, The Stowe Missal
In Solemnities of Peter and Christ:
O God, Who to Blessed Peter Thine Apostle didst bestow by the keys of the Heavenly Chiefdom, the power to bind and loosen souls, and didst give the office of High Priest, receive our prayers of propitiation and his intercession.
We ask O Lord for help that we may be freed from the bonds of our sins through our Lord Jesus Christ Who reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit throughout all ages of ages.

In the Mass of Apostles, Martyrs and Holy Virgins:
O God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit,
the one and only Lord of Lords and Chief of Chiefs and glory of all to come,
we faithfully implore Thee, by the clear laws and judgments
of the Patriarchs, by the glorious prophecies of the Prophets,
through the holy examples of the Apostles,
by the witness of the martyrs,
by the fidelity of the Confessors,
by the sanctity of Virgins,
by the contemplative lives of the Anchorites,
by the spiritual silence of the monks,
by the dependable continuous orations of
the Bishops, Abbots and Catholic Princes,
and especially by the suffrage of the Saints (or Holy Virgins)
whose solemnity is celebrated by us;
that this offering of Thy servants which we offer unto the Holy Trinity
in honor of -N- may be acceptable to God
and also be profitable unto Salvation;
through our Lord Jesus Christ Who reigneth
with Thee and the Holy Spirit throughout all ages of ages.

In the Mass of Apostles, Martyrs, and Holy Virgins.
We give Thee thanks O our Lord and God Jesus Christ,
splendor of the Father's glory, and day of eternal clarity,
for being pleased to illumine Thy twelve Apostles
by the Fire of the Holy Spirit
as the twelve hours of the day are illuminated by the light of the Sun;
unto whom Thou didst say "ye are the light of the world" and again,
"Are there not twelve hours of the daylight?

If one walks in the light of day, he shall not stumble."
Descend on us, O our Lord and God Jesus Christ the Sun of Righteousness;
in Whose wings is well-being for those that fear Thee,
that we may walk in the Light.
Therefore we have the Light, that we may be children of the Light.
O Thou Who didst illumine the Apostles as Thy proxies
and the other Saints as their proxies like lamps unto this world:
endowed with the Grace of the Holy Spirit and the Doctrines,
dispel the darkness of ignorance and
send forth the light of Thy righteousness
through the patronage of those -N- whose festivities we honor today.
That we may remain always in Thee and through Thee,
Who reignest with Thine unoriginate Father
and the Holy Spirit throughout all ages of ages.

In the Mass for Living Penitents.
O Lord, pardon us Thy penitents,
Thy [wounded] servants,
that with untroubled mind
we may be able to offer this Sacrifice for -NN-,
that by the dictates of Faith, they may obtain forgiveness and health,
through Thee O Holy Father.
May Thy followers be able to make the offering
and attain to the Salvation of eternal grace by Thine aid.
Through our Lord Jesus Christ Who reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit throughout all ages of ages. R. Amen. In the Mass of the Dead. We beg Thee, O Lord, grant us Thy mercy, that the souls of Thy servants - NN- may await the future Resurrection, forgiven of all faults and freed of all cares under Thy protection, through our Lord Jesus Christ Who reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit [saol go saol].

R. Amen.
Celebrant: May this oblation of Thy servants be pleasing unto Thee, which we offer unto Thee in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in commemoration of Thy blessed Apostles, and Thy Martyrs and Confessors, of whom we especially remember -N-, and those whose feast is celebrated today, and for the souls of all our Bishops, and our Priests, and our Deacons, and our loved ones, and our children, and our penitents. May all of this be profitable unto salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ Who reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit throughout all ages of ages.
R. Amen

WHEN YOUR EYES.
[A Doire Version] Miss Borthwick.
0 holy Michael, I call upon thy name,
And upon the loving St. John the Baptist,
Upon all the saints of the world to aid my soul,
In the time of the battle that has not [yet] come.
When the mouth shall be closing and the eye breaking,
And the feeling going astray from me,
The jury being called and the term up,
And God be with our soul that day.

I Rise Up

Magh Eó Version
I rise up with God,
May God rise up with me,
God's hand round about me,
Sitting and lying,

And rising of me.
Abhráin Diadha Chúige Connacht, An Craoibhín Aoibhinn, 1906.

For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irishmen, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday.
An Leabhar Eóghannachta, Lives of the Saints

La gleó fri draic ndálach
do Michél balc búadach,
arsil Ancrist nírach
in míl slisgel slúagach.

At the fight with the multitudinous Dragon by St. Michael the strong, victorious, the whitesided hostful soldier will slay wrathful Antichrist.
...'Tis dread of the Lord : 'tis love divine, secure: 'tis a casting-forth of devils : 'tis an invitation of angels.
Wondrous are all the miracles which we declare: a blessing on every one who shall recite them hereafter.
...The troop of heaven's archangels, around Michael noble, holy : with the nine ranks of the gracious chiefs of the City of the mighty Chief.
The troop of ancestors around Noah over ranges of mainseas : the servants of the bright-realmed Chief ; it was the rebirth of the world.
The troop of prophets around Isaiah, a fair
propheta, whom we sing:
patriarchs whom we beseech, with wondrous Abraham.
The troop of apostles around Peter, with the disciples of Jesus : Paul the excellent, the fearless, chief of the highest wisdom !

The troop of martyrs around Stephen, a golden bush with purity ! the anchorites round Old-St.Paul, the troop of holy virgins round St. Mary.
The troop of the holy bishops of Rome, round St. Peter the splendid bordgal : the bishops of Jerusalem, with St. James of the dignities
The troop of bishops in Antioch, with St. Peter, primal flame, the bishops of Alexandria with St. Mark, red-fiery, royal.
...The troop of priests, which has offered the Body of Christ who suffered the Cross, to help me every day ; with Righteous Aaron strong in wisdom.
The troop of monks round St. Antony of Egypt, whose courses are mysterious : with St. Martin du Tours, a soldier of battle, a troop of the high saints of the world.
The troop of the noble saints of Erin, with St. Patrick who is highest:
St. Columb cille, who sets up with the troops of the saints of Alba.
The final, vast troop, which ends a bright chain, Saint Brigit after triumphs, with the virgins of Erin.
All these troops with noble overChiefs, to help me, a bright white following, the vast host of saints.
Every saint who has been, is (and) shall be up to Doom—a mighty division ! —in company of holy Christ, may they be helping me !
May they be helping me in heaven and on earth ; may they come in bands to work with my soul
My soul, my wounded body, while they shall be at labour, may they be consoling me, the Chieffolk I have entreated !
...I appeal by their groans, their sharp sighs : unto Thee, O Christ, with my wretchedness, I appeal by their feasts.
Against the incitement of the world, for great is its might, I appeal by their longing (as they stand) around Thee with white raiment.
I appeal by their spirits in thy royal realm with beauty : unto Thee, for they are to be known, I appeal by their relics.
...That my affliction be healed by obtaining my prayers ; my Friend Íosa is

not given to refusal : I appeal to Thee by all.
FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ. Translated by Whitley Stokes. Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1905.

History's witness will persevere. Let us muster as a ring fort To guard and cherish our oidhreacht... .
..May God look kindly on generations Past and present and yet unborn,
Give fortitude, so we'll join together, Always willing to share and learn.
Tommy Frank Ó Connor

Three Cries of the world
The cry of the Israelites when they entered the Red Sea,
The cry of Hell when Críost carried off his prey from it,
The cry of Doomsday when the righteous separate from the sinners
Book of Lismore

Christ is risen from the dead!
By death He conquered Death
and to those in the graves He granted life!
Byzantine Catholic Prayer for the home

FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ.
I have commemorated the Chieffolk around the Chief above the clouds,
some upon beautiful (feast) days, others under vehement tears.
May it profit me for my comfort, for I am a wretched weary one,
the course which this host has run according to the commandments of this Chief!
They have hewed out roads which fools deem not easy: before going to the Chiefdom they have suffered tribulations.
They have been impaled before hosts, and they with their virtues: they have

been crushed in assemblies, they have been slain before Chiefs.
They have been torn with spearpoints: they have been .racked in pieces: they have been burnt over fires, on white-hot gridirons.
They have been cast to wild beasts by merciless ruf fians: they ¥vere scourged a hard course-through the fiery furnaces.
They have been brought out of dungeons (and) after wards (put) on crosses : the hosts reviling them after flaying them with sword-edges.
Joyous at every violent death, whose horror is exces sive ; many tortures before this they used to endure (with) splendid valour.
They all have suffered— this lamentable thing—a great deed of valour—for a true addition of reward from Íssu macc Maire.
Woe worth every one who has killed them, who has dared to slay them !

after their short labour they are without age like Him.
Mórríg inna ngente
bithgolait il-loscud,
slóig Issu cen escur
it fáilti iar coscur.
The sinners with the abundance of their cruelty, by whom they have been slain, their splendour has perished, their strongholds are desolate.
These are they who after their afflictions have reached the Chiefdom : their graveyards unconcealed, they are bordgala of thousands.
The soldiers who have crucified them, though they were strong in fight, their pains they are great, their graves are unknown.
Not so are Jesu's soldiers: they have reached a radiant homestead : after them their devout bodies (are) in shrines of sparkling gold.
They are grand before multitudes, Christ's Chieffolk after their wounds: the Chiefs of the world after (having had their) desires, it has truly passed away from these.
...Jesus, though He has been crucified, our Lord, our champion, over every

element that He had created has arisen a perfect Chief.
Though Nebuchadnezzar the red, very valiant, was Chief of the world, since he departed with his household his sovranty has been destroyed.
...Cé rod selaig claide
Iohen bauptaist mbrígach,
for bith ché ro mórad,
i flaith Dé ro rígad.
...Let the minds of us all be for God's people whom we hide not : 'tis a profit if we prove it, the prologue which we give.
The might of the world is a lie to every one whose abode it is. This is all the might, great love for Mary's Son.
Though great are the world's Chiefs, whose strong holds thou seest, a hundred hundred times nobler are Jesu's lowly soldiers.
Though they are lowlier before men, with the noise of their crying, they will be high above the Chiefdom's height through ages of ages.
The wretched world wherein we are, transitory is its Chiefdom : the Chief that
ruleth angels is lord of every land.
Even (in) the land where we are, whose wicked ones are wealthy: of God's might— a famous sound,— there is one who has preached to us.
Atbath borg tromm Temra
la tairthim a flathe
col-lín corad sruithe
maraid Ard mór Machae.
Ro muchad, mór tirbaid,
míad Lóiguiri roglaig,
ainm Pátraic an aurdair
atá som for forbairt.
The Faith has grown
it will abide till Doomsday

guilty genti who are carried off,
their raths are not dwelt in
Ráth Chrúachan ro scáichi,
la hAilill gein mbúada,
cáin ordan úas flathib
fil i cathir Chlúana.
.... Choirs lasting, melodious, around St. Cíarán, if thou shouldst mention him : with the victorious tumult of great Clonmacnois.
Ye have nothing that is dearer than the love of God, if ye can achieve it, adoration of the Cloudy Chief : 'tis thence ye will not be mournful....
FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ. Translated by Whitley Stokes. Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1905
Prayer for Friday.
CHIEF of the Friday,
Whose limbs on the cross were bound;
O Lord, Who didst suffer
Sharp pain in many a wound;
We lay us to rest
Beneath the shield of Thy might,
May fruit from the tree
Of Thy Passion fall on us this night.
Amen.
To the Trinity.
May the grace of the Holy Spirit fill us;
May the True Faith ever dwell within us;
May the Faithful's example be ever our guide;
In the Temple of Christ may we always abide;
The Eternal Trinity may we seek;
Our hope in Jesus may we keep;
Relief on the poor may we gladly bestow ;

In the path of God's will may we constantly go.
Amen.
O VIRGIN Mary, to us be given
A sight of thy glorious household in Heaven
Obtain for us, too, a glimpse of the Trinity
And the grace of patience in face of enmity.
Amen.
Prayers of the Gael, Paidreacha na nDaoine
R. MacCrócaigh, 1914, Lá Peadair agus Poil
Oh! St. Brigid. Saint most holy,
Dear Patron of our Isle
Oh, Make, Oh Make us Holy
Whatever foes beguile
Make us holy, still more holy
Make the pure one still more pure
With thy protection, St. Brigid,
Of blessings we are sure.
The Lamp of Love you lighted
In golden days of yore
Within the heart of Eirinn,
Oh, make it glow once more.
When heedless hearts would quench it
And ruthless foes assail,
Be near to shield and guard it, O Mary of the Gael!
Be near us, holy St. Brigid,
When suffring comes our way :
Be near us when the tempter
Would lead our souls astray.
Watch over all thy children,
Where'er on earth they be,

And keep them always faithful
To Eirinn, God and thee !
Songs of the Gael, Series 4,
Fr. Pádruig Breathneach, 1922

There was a certain noble, distinguished holy patron in Ireland, son of Niall; a man who fulfilled God's command and bore the yoke of piety, and endured persecutions for the Lord's sake. He was God's own worthy servant, for it was his wont to [take up his cross] for love of God and to win a reward for his soul. A sheltering shield against evil attacks of the devil and against vices was that gentle, friendly, active man.
Buile Shuibhne The Frenzy of Suibhne English translation by J. G. O'Keeffe

Against Drowning. St. MARY, Christ and the Saints between us and all harm. Mary and her Son, St. Patrick with his staff, St. Martin with his mantle, St. Brighid with her hood, St. Michael with his shield, And God before them all With His strong right arm. Amen.
The Sailor's Prayer. Ah St.. BRIGHID, who art in Faughart, Ah St. Blinne, who art in Killslea, O St. Bronac, who art in Ballinakilla, Bear ye me safe to Erin. Amen.
Herding Prayer. Ah Gentle Jesus, guard the sheep, In the pleasant glens and meadows deep, from the wolves lead them and keep. Amen.

Prayer for Éire From the foe of my faith, the foe of my land, A The foe of my children, and of my spouse, O Lord, protect me, With the Sign of the Holy Cross. By Thy death on the Cross Thou didst buy the souls Of Mother Eve's poor hapless sons; And from that day This Sign has been most blessed. Amen
Prayer to Obtain Spiritual Help. O Chief of the Universe Who early lightest

the sun, Who sendest heavy rains And the crops that after them come: For Thee I set down my faults, To Thee I turn my face, O Lord, do not permit me To fall from the state of grace. Amen.

Prayer for a Holy Death. Ah BLESSED St. Michael, on thy name I call, And on thine, Ah St. John the Baptist, On the saints of the world, one and all, For help in the coming day of battle. When my mouth is closing and my eye is failing, And my sense from me is slipping away, When my term is spent and my cause a-calling, God with my soul that dreadful day. Amen.

Irish Chiefs and High-Chiefs Francis John Byrne, 1973
The Old Irish poem on the Passion by Blathmac mac Con Brettan ... describes Christ as: ferr fáith, fisidin cech druí rí ba hepscop, ba lánsui
Better he than prophet, more knowledgeable than any druid
A Chief who was bishop and full sage
More excellent his form than that of any human being,
more vigorous his stout vigour than that of any wright,
wiser than any breast under heaven,
more just than any Brehon. ...

CERT CECH RIG CO RÉIL 1912 T. O'donoghue, Selected and remixed. Give thanks to God; it is not too much, o [chief]; it is your duty, o [chief]; offer [God] thanks for every benefit. Of the Clann Eógain, without concealment, whether freeman or active stranger, honour every man as if he were a [chief] or a prince. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, of Thy Ríocht, O Prince, come valiantly to my aid in all the sufferings of my soul. For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth, I pray Thee, O Christ of my heart, that the Ríocht of Heaven may be for my soul. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, protect me against all iniquity, lest, O Heavenly Rí, the temptations of demons or men destroy me. For the sake of

Thy cross, of Thy passion, come forthwith to my aid; before I go from the living world take from me every unrighteousness.
Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee.

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
To banish this sorrow from them altogether —
From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Éibhear —
And to restore the Gaels to their estates.
O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
All our estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
Chastise the vile horde

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Blessed be the holy and undivided Trinity now and forever more.
Come a Holy Ghost replenish my heart and enkindle in it the fire of thy divine love Amen.
Collected by Alice Doherty, Leitrim